All kinde of arguments and queſtion deepe,
Al replication prompt,and reaſon ſtrong
For his aduantage ſtill did wake and ſleep,
To make the weeper laugh,the laugher weepe:
He hadthe dialect and different skil,
Catching al paſſions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general boſome raigne
Of young, of old,and ſexes both inchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts,or to remaine
In perſonal duty,following where he haunted,
Conſent's bewitcht, ere he deſire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To ſerue their eies,and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination ſet
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions,theirs in thought aſſign'd,
And labouring in moe pleaſures to beſtow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly ſuppoſ'd them miſtreſſe of his heart:
My wofull ſelfe that did in freedome ſtand,
And was my owne fee ſimple(not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſeru'd the ſtalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as ſome my equals did
Demaund of him,nor being deſired yeelded,
Finding my ſelfe in honour ſo forbidde,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded